

A
FLEETWAY
LIBRARY

WAR
PICTURE
LIBRARY

№ 222

1/-

The illustration depicts a tank in the center, firing a large shell. The tank is surrounded by soldiers in various positions. In the foreground, there are silhouettes of soldiers and a large explosion. The background shows a city under attack with smoke and fire. The title 'ROAD to BERLIN' is written in large, bold, black letters with a white outline, slanted upwards from left to right.

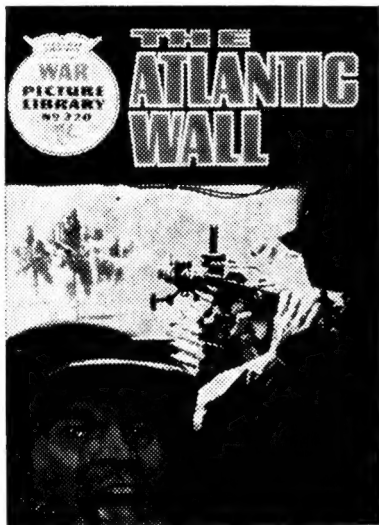
ROAD to BERLIN

ALSO ON SALE NOW
FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

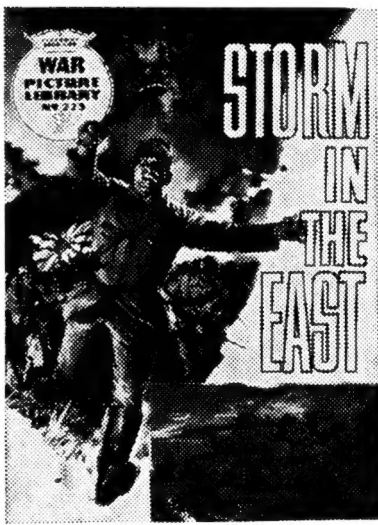
WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 220—THE ATLANTIC WALL

No. 223—STORM IN THE EAST



Gun in hand, he stormed the beaches of Normandy with his men and they would have followed him into the inferno itself.



The Japanese hordes descended on Singapore, and he found himself caught in the web of the strange cult he had vowed to smash . . .

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—

No. 221—H-HOUR

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale 6th January, are :—

No. 224—ADVANCE

No. 225—SURPRISE AND KILL

No. 226—ROUGH PASSAGE

No. 227—DEVIL'S ISLAND

ROAD TO BERLIN

THE LADDER OF PROMOTION TAPERS OFF AS A MAN CLIMBS UP IT. THE STEPS BECOME MORE DIFFICULT AND ONLY OFFICERS OF ABILITY AND BURNING AMBITION EVENTUALLY REACH THE SUMMIT.

I KNOW, COLONEL! PERHAPS, ONE DAY...

YES, HE WAS THE FINEST OFFICER WE EVER HAD, JEFFERY. THE REGIMENT HAS NEVER PRODUCED ANOTHER FIELD-MARSHAL.

CAPTAIN JEFFERY WADE HAD THE AMBITION — ONLY TIME WOULD TELL IF HE HAD THE ABILITY.

Chapter 1. Best Man Wins

AFTER DINNER, THE C.O. BROKE A RULE AND TALKED "SHOP" IN THE MESS. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TIME EXCUSED HIM FOR IT WAS THE AUTUMN OF 1938 AND THE ARMY KNEW WAR WOULD COME — SOONER OR LATER.

THESE MANOEUVRES TOMORROW, GENTLEMEN, ARE MORE THAN WAR GAMES. THE OBSERVERS ARE TOP BRASS FROM THE WAR HOUSE. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT A GOOD REPORT CAN DO FOR AN OFFICER...



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HUGH FOX, ONE OF THE MEN DETAILED FOR UMPIRE DUTIES AT THE FORTHCOMING MANOEUVRES, GLANCED AT THE FACE OF THE SON OF HIS OLD REGIMENTAL COMMANDER.

CORNELIUS WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF THIS BOY OF HIS. HAD HE LIVED. I THINK THE REGIMENT IS GOING TO BE PROUD OF HIM, TOO.



THE FRIENDLINESS
OFF THE STAFF
OFFICER FOR
JEFFERY WADE
DID NOT GO
UNOBSERVED,
CAPTAIN PETER
LOCKWOOD OF
'B' SQUADRON
COULD NOT
RESIST A
BARBED REMARK.

GETTING
FRIENDLY WITH
THE UMPIRES
WON'T HELP YOU,
WADE! 'B' SQUADRON
IS GOING TO GIVE
YOU A CANING
TOMORROW!

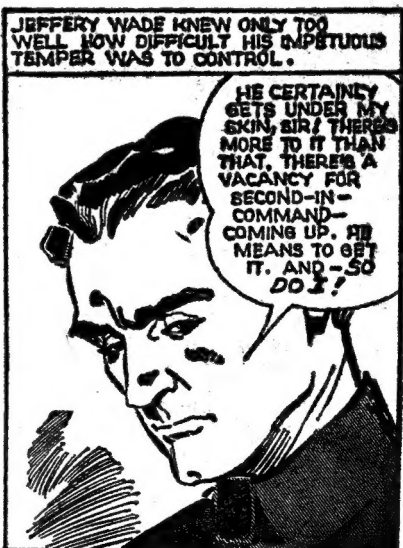
LOCKWOOD!
YOU -

STEADY,
OLD
BOY!

THERE WAS A MAJOR'S VACANCY IN THE REGIMENT AND THE TWO
CAPTAINS HAD EQUAL SENIORITY. LOCKWOOD'S SHARP TONGUE
WOULD PLASH THE TEMPERAMENTAL WADE.

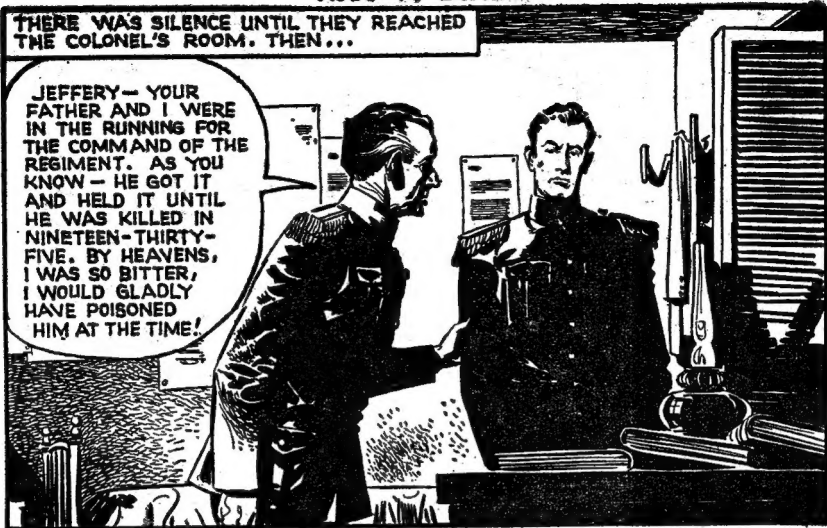
FAMILY
FRIENDS ARE
ALWAYS USEFUL,
AREN'T THEY?
NOTHING LIKE THE
'OLD BOY ACT'
WHEN IT'S MOST
NEEDED!

Road To Berlin



THERE WAS SILENCE UNTIL THEY REACHED THE COLONEL'S ROOM. THEN...

JEFFERY - YOUR FATHER AND I WERE IN THE RUNNING FOR THE COMMAND OF THE REGIMENT. AS YOU KNOW - HE GOT IT AND HELD IT UNTIL HE WAS KILLED IN NINETEEN-THIRTY-FIVE. BY HEAVENS, I WAS SO BITTER, I WOULD GLADLY HAVE POISONED HIM AT THE TIME!



THE VOICE TOOK ON A REMINISCENT TONE.

LATER, WHEN I'D COOLED DOWN, I REALISED THE BEST MAN HAD WON AND I GOT OUT ON TO THE STAFF. REMEMBER THAT, JEFFERY. IN THE END IT IS ALWAYS THE BEST MAN WHO WINS!



IN HIS OWN ROOM, WADE TOOK A SMALL BOX FROM A LOCKED DRAWER: IN IT WERE TWO METAL CROWNS - THE BADGES OF RANK OF A MAJOR!

AND I AM GOING TO PROVE THAT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN THAT ASS, LOCKWOOD!



Road To Berlin

FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS, CAPTAIN JEFFERY WADE'S TANK SQUADRON REPRESENTED THE ENTIRE ARMOUR OF THE INVADING "REDLAND" FORCE. AT THE END OF THE THIRD DAY...

WHAT'S THE FORM NOW, BRIGADIER?

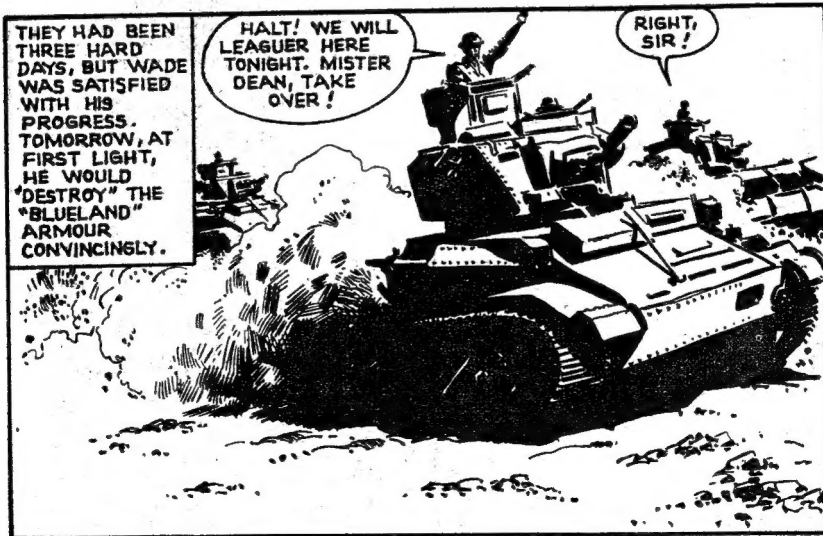
'REDLAND' HAVE NOW WORKED THEMSELVES INTO AN ATTACKING POSITION, SIR. I UNDERSTAND THEY INTEND TO MAKE THE VITAL ONSLAUGHT AT FIRST LIGHT TOMORROW.



THEY HAD BEEN THREE HARD DAYS, BUT WADE WAS SATISFIED WITH HIS PROGRESS. TOMORROW, AT FIRST LIGHT, HE WOULD "DESTROY" THE "BLUELAND" ARMOUR CONVINCINGLY.

HALT! WE WILL LEAGUER HERE TONIGHT. MISTER DEAN, TAKE OVER!

RIGHT, SIR!



Road To Berlin

HE WENT FORWARD TO STUDY THE LIE OF THE LAND
AND FOUND LIEUTENANT COLONEL FOX ON THE RIDGE.

WELL, COLONEL,
HOW DO YOU THINK
WE'RE DOING?

YOU'LL
KNOW THAT
WHEN MY
REPORT IS
WRITTEN! THERE
ARE THE
SAPPERS GOING
AHEAD TO TAP
TOMORROW'S
ROUTE...

AS HE WALKED BACK
TO THE TANK
HARBOUR, WADE'S MIND
WAS FULL OF THE
NEXT MORNING'S
ATTACK. BUT, BEHIND
HIM, FOX WAS
MAKING A NOTE ON
HIS PAD... "REDLAND
ARMoured COMMANDER
HAS FORGOTTEN THE
OLD RULE - TIME SPENT
ON RECONNAISSANCE
IS SELDOM WASTED!"



IT WAS TO BE A COSTLY LAPSE OF MEMORY! FOR OUT ON THE MOOR, A SOLITARY FIGURE HIDDEN IN THE LEAFY BRANCHES OF A TREE, PEERED THROUGH HIS FIELD GLASSES.

SO THAT IS GOING TO BE THE ROUTE! MOST INTERESTING!



DUSK WAS FALLING, BUT THERE WAS ENOUGH LIGHT FOR CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD TO SEE THE "REDLAND" SAPPERS GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF MINE-SWEEPING AND ROUTE-TAPING.



IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, THE TANKS OF "BLUELAND" SLIPPED THROUGH THE DARKNESS. CAPTAIN PETER LOCKWOOD WAS MAKING HIS DISPOSITIONS.

YES! LIFT ALL THE TAPE!
ROLL IT UP, BOYS! I'LL SHOW YOU
WHERE TO PUT IT! THIS WILL BE
ONE ROUTE THAT WE'VE GOT
TAPED!



BEFORE DAWN, THE "REDLAND" FORCES HAD FORMED UP AT THE START-LINE AND AS THE SUN TINGED THE CLOUDS IN THE EAST WITH ITS FIRST LIGHT...

PREPARE
TO MOVE!
FORWARD!



EXCITEMENT WELLED WITHIN WADE. THIS WAS HIS OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW THESE BRASS HATS THAT HE WAS A BETTER MAN THAN LOCKWOOD!

RED ONE TO ALL TANKS. THE SQUADRON WILL FOLLOW ME. I WANT INSTANT OBEDIENCE - SPLIT-SECOND REACTION TO MY ORDERS!



IN THE ACCOMPANYING UMPIRE'S CAR, HUGH FOX NOTED THE WAY THE SQUADRON WAS BEING HANDLED.

STEADY, BOY! DON'T RUSH YOUR FENCES! BY JOVE, THAT YOUNG SPROG OF WADE'S GOES WELL FOR LEATHER AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE HANDGAST!

I AM GOING STRAIGHT FOR THE WOODED COUNTRY. THE ROUTE THROUGH THE MINEFIELD HAS BEEN TAPED.



UP THE REVERSE SLOPE AND INTO THE THICKER, DENSER COUNTRY BEYOND WENT THE "REDLAND" ARMOUR...

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SURPRISE AS WADE SPOTTED THE TAPES. THE C.R.E. HAD REPORTED THE ROUTE LAY DUE EAST, BUT HE HAD TO SWING SOUTH-EAST CLEAR OF THE "MINEFIELD".

DRIVER! HALF-RIGHT! CENTRE THE TAPES AND INCREASE SPEED!



HAD HIS SPEED BEEN LESS HE MIGHT HAVE HAD TIME TO STOP, BUT AS IT WAS...

HALT! FOR PITY'S SAKE, HALT!



Road To Berlin

AS THE CHAOS SPREAD, THE "BUSHES" WERE THROWN ASIDE TO REVEAL THE ARMOUR AND TWO-POUNDER TANK GUNS OF THE "DEFENDERS". THE BLANK AMMO ROARED ...





THE DAY'S GREAT HOPES WERE COLLAPSING ROUND JEFFERY WADE.

YOU MEAN THE DECISION HAS GONE AGAINST US?

BUT OF COURSE, YOU WERE COMPLETELY OUTWITTED. YOU MADE OTHER MISTAKES, TOO. THEY'LL GO INTO MY REPORT.



THE WORDS SPRANG TO HIS LIPS, URGED ON BY BITTER ANGER.

YOU'VE NEVER FORGIVEN MY FATHER GETTING THE REGIMENT HAVE YOU, FOX? THIS IS A ROTTEN WAY OF GETTING YOUR OWN BACK!

WADE! HOW DARE YOU?



FOX BIT BACK A RASPING RETORT. CORNELIUS WADE HAD BEEN HOT-HEADED AT HIS FENCES, TOO. IT HAD COST HIM HIS LIFE IN THE END. BUT HE HAD BEEN A FIRST-RATE C.O.

WADE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!

YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH! I'M GOING FOR THE RECOVERY VEHICLES!

OR TO LICK YOUR WOUNDS, OLD BOY?



JEFFERY HAD BEEN MADE TO LOOK A FOOL AND THE SHAME DROVE HIM TO ESCAPE IN THE FIRST VEHICLE IN SIGHT, THAT IT WAS THE UMPIRE'S CAR MATTERED NOTHING TO HIM.

JEFFERY!
DON'T BE A
FOOL! IT'S
ONLY A GAME!

AND
I LOST! YOU
SAW TO
THAT, ALL
RIGHT!

IN HIS BLIND FURY, HE RAMMED HIS FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR
AND THE POWERFUL CAR SURGED FORWARD.

BLESS
MY SOUL!
THE MAN'S
DANGEROUS!



Road To Berlin

THE MIST IN HIS EYES CLEARED IN TIME FOR HIM TO SWERVE VIOLENTLY, MISSING THE STAFF OFFICERS BY INCHES. BUT THE SWERVE WAS TOO VIOLENT.

A RAVING LUNATIC, BY JOVE! DID YOU SEE THAT? HE NEARLY KILLED ME!

HE'S NEARLY KILLED HIMSELF, SIR, I SHOULDN'T WONDER!



FOY HURRIED TO THE WRECK AND GRABBED WADE'S ARM. THE PULSE WAS BEATING, WADE WAS STILL ALIVE.

THAT'S CAPTAIN WADE, ISN'T IT? WHERE THE DEVIL WAS HE GOING?

HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING UP THE LADDER, SIR - BUT IT PROVED MORE SLIPPERY THAN HE EXPECTED!

STOP TALKING RIDDLES, MAN! WHEN THAT OFFICER COMES ROUND, BRING HIM TO ME. I'LL BLISTER HIS INCOMPETENT HIDE!



Chapter 2. Bridgehead

THE MISTAKE HE HAD MADE ON THE MANOEUVRES DRAGGED ON JEFFERY WADE'S CAREER LIKE AN ANCHOR. IT WAS SEPTEMBER, 1944, BEFORE HE BECAME SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF THE REGIMENT. PETER LOCKWOOD WAS HIS COMMANDING OFFICER.



SOON, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LOCKWOOD WAS LISTENING TO HIS BRIGADIER WITH THE OTHER ARMOURD BRIGADE C.O.'S.



THE TANK OFFICERS STIRRED EAGERLY ON THEIR UNCOMFORTABLE SEATS.

D-DAY FOR OPERATION 'MARKET GARDEN' IS TOMORROW! AND OPERATION 'MARKET GARDEN' IS THE CAPTURE OF THE BRIDGES AT...

ARNHEM!

FIRST AIRBORNE WILL BE DROPPED IN THE TOWN, AND WILL CAPTURE AND HOLD THE MAIN BRIDGE UNTIL THIRTY CORPS, SEVEN CORPS AND TWELVE CORPS DRIVE FORWARD, AND CROSS THAT ARNHEM BRIDGE! THEN—NON-STOP TO BERLIN!

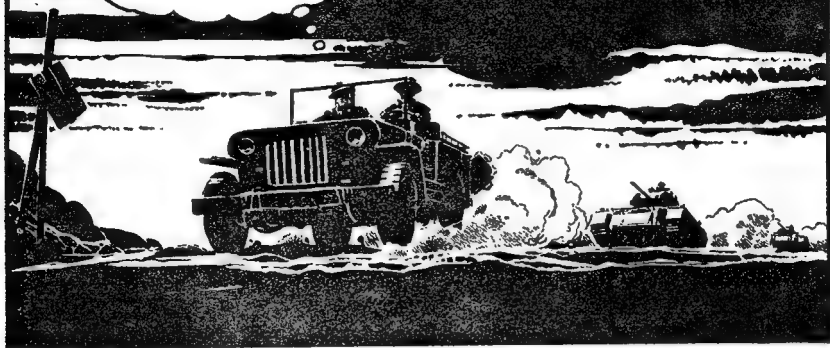
THE NEXT TWO HOURS WERE SPENT DISCUSSING THE BRIGADE'S ROLE IN THAT DRIVE FOR THE BRIDGE. THEN, AS THEY WERE GOING ...

OH—ONE MORE THING! THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER IS ILL. HIS RELIEF IS FLYING IN TOMORROW. GENERAL HUGH FOX, A CAVALRYMAN. I UNDERSTAND HE'S ON THE BALL—ALL THE TIME!

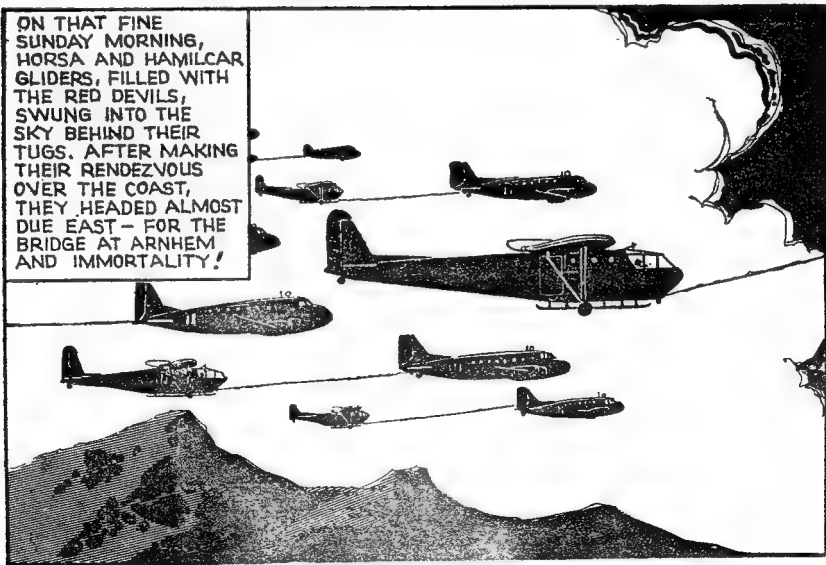


AS THE DRAGOONS DROVE UP TO THE START LINE IN THE DARK HOUR BEFORE FIRST LIGHT, A BITTER AND ANGRY MAN WAS IN THE LEADING JEEP. JEFFERY WADE HAD HEARD THE BAD NEWS...

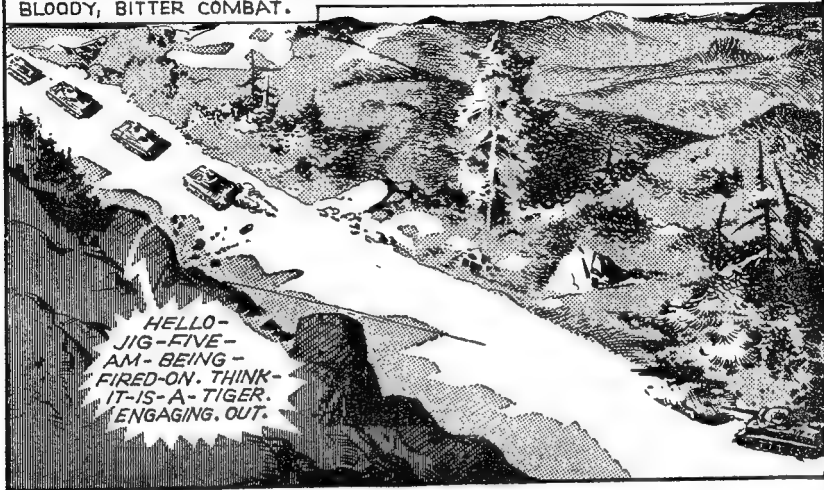
FOX—OF ALL
PEOPLE! I HOPE
TO BLAZES HE
DOESN'T COME NEAR
THIS REGIMENT!



ON THAT FINE
SUNDAY MORNING,
Horsa and Hamilcar
gliders, filled with
the Red Devils,
swung into the
sky behind their
tugs. After making
their rendezvous
over the coast,
they headed almost
due east—for the
bridge at Arnhem
and immortality!



DOWN BELOW, THE ARMoured DIVISIONS OF THE THREE CORPS, CHARGED WITH THE TASK OF JOINING UP WITH THE AIRBORNE DIVISION AT ARNHEM, WERE BLASTING THEIR WAY ON WHAT WAS TO PROVE SIXTY-FOUR MILES OF BLOODY, BITTER COMBAT.



ON THE GERMAN SIDE TWO SIGNIFICANT DIRECTIONS HAD BEEN GIVEN. ON 5th. SEPTEMBER, FIELD-MARSHAL MODEL HAD ORDERED TWO S.S. PANZER DIVISIONS TO THE ARNHEM AREA TO REFIT. THESE THE RED DEVILS WERE TO TANGLE WITH. ALSO GENERAL WILLI BITTRICH, A MAN OF TREMENDOUS MILITARY ABILITY, HAD TAKEN COMMAND OF THE II S.S. PANZER CORPS.

SO THAT IS THE PLAN. A BRIDGEHEAD OVER THE RHINE AT ARNHEM. THAT IS WHERE THE BRITISH ARE HEADING. THEY WILL NOT GET THERE! I WILL BLOCK THEIR PATH IF I HAVE TO WITH OUR DEAD!



YET IN THE GREAT BATTLE TO GAIN THE BRIDGEHEAD, MAJOR JEFFERY WADE WAS TO TAKE AN INSIGNIFICANT PART. AS 2 I/C, HIS JOB WAS BEHIND THE REGIMENT, COVERING SUPPLY PROBLEMS.

AMMO AND PETROL. 'B' SQUADRON HAVE PRIORITY! ANY SIGN OF THE C.O. UP FORWARD?

YES, SIR! HE'S UP WITH 'A' SQUADRON. MAJOR BERRY HAS HAD IT AND THE C.O. HAS TAKEN OVER. HE'S GOING HELL-FOR-LEATHER IN THE SQUADRON LEADER'S TANK!



WADE SWALLOWED HARD AS HE SAT DOWN. HE ENVIED LOCKWOOD, WITH ALL HIS BEING. HE WOULD HAVE GIVEN EVERYTHING HE POSSESSED TO BE UP THERE - LEADING A SQUADRON INTO BATTLE.

ALL RIGHT, DRIVER, BACK TO THE BASE DUMP. I'VE GOT TO CHECK THE AMMO SUPPLIES FOR THE DIVISIONAL RETURN. A CURSED PAPER BATTLE FOR ME AND YOU!

SUPPOSE IT IS, SIR.



EVERY YARD, EVERY FOOT OF THAT ROAD TO ARNHEM WAS BEING DISPUTED VIOLENTLY BY THE GERMANS. COLONEL LOCKWOOD WAS CURSING THE DARE-DEVIL GESTURE WHICH HAD LED HIM TO TAKE OVER 'A' SQUADRON.

ENEMY TANKS AT TEN O'CLOCK! LOAD A.P. FIRE ON SIGHT.

I SHOULDN'T BE BOTTLED UP IN HERE! MY JOB IS COMMANDING A REGIMENT, NOT A TANK!

HIS NOSTRILS STUNG WITH ACRID CORDITE SMOKE AS THE 75-M.M. GUN FIRED. HE FELT THE RASPING BLOW ON THE TANK'S SIDE AS AN ENEMY SHELL RICOCHETED OFF IT. SUDDENLY HE FELT TRAPPED!

OPERATOR! GIVE ME THAT HEADSET!

THE WIRELESS
NET WAS OPEN
AND CLEAR.
LOCKWOOD
BARKED OUT
THE ORDERS TO
THE SQUADRON'S
SECOND-IN-
COMMAND.

HELLO,
ABLE-TWO.
THIS IS ABLE-ONE.
AM PULLING
BACK. TAKE OVER
AS SUNRAY. COME
FORWARD TO
LEAD POSITION.
OVER.

HELLO -
ABLE-ONE -
THIS IS -
ABLE-TWO.
ROGER, WILCO.
OVER AND
OUT.

IT WAS A FOOLISH MOVE TO MAKE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ENGAGEMENT!

MOVE OVER,
DRIVER! THERE
IS NO ROOM
FOR HIM TO
PASS YET.

CRUIKEY! WE'RE
GOING TO BE A
SITTING DUCK,
SIR!





THE TIGER TANK COMMANDER SAW HIS CHANCE. HIS SHELLS HAD BEEN RICOCHETING OFF THE HEAVY FRONTAL ARMOUR OF THE CHURCHILL, BUT NOW IT WAS PRESENTING ITS WEAKER FLANK TO HIM.

ACH! CHANGE TARGET! TAKE THE ENGLANDER BURROWING INTO THE DITCH!

THE SHELL BATTERED THROUGH THE SIDE PLATES OF LOCKWOOD'S TANK, ITS DELAYED-ACTION FUSE PREVENTING IT EXPLODING UNTIL IT WAS INSIDE. IT WAS A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE DEATH WARRANT!



AAAGH!

THE IMPETUS OF THE ATTACK CARRIED THE DRAGOONS FORWARD WITHOUT COMPETENT LEADERSHIP THAT DAY, FOR THEIR COLONEL WAS DEAD IN A COFFIN OF HIS OWN MAKING.

LOAD H.E. NINE-TWO—
TRAVERSE LEFT. STEADY-ON!
SEVEN HUNDRED—AT CORNER
OF WOOD—FIRE!

HELLO—ABLE THREE.
IN—ABSENCE—OF—
ORDERS—AM
PUSHING ON—
OUT.

THE NEWS REACHED WADE AS HE WAS RETURNING FROM THE BASE DUMP. THOUGH HE HAD NEVER FORGIVEN LOCKWOOD, HE HAD LEARNED TO LIVE WITH HIM.

KILLED! POOR DEVIL!
BUT THIS IS WHERE
I STEP IN! THIS
COULD BE MY BIG
CHANCE!

WHERE
TO NOW,
SIR?

GET UP FORWARD
AS QUICK AS
YOU CAN! TO H.Q.
TROOP!

THE FOUR TANKS WHICH MAKE UP THE HEADQUARTERS TROOP OF AN ARMoured REGIMENT ARE NOT OFTEN USED AS FIGHTING TANKS. THEY PROVIDE A MOBILE, ARMoured COMMAND POST - THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE REGIMENT. INSTEAD OF 75 m.m. GUNS THEY HAVE SHORT-BARRELLED 95 m.m. HOWITZERS.



THE STRONGPOINT MOUNTED AN 88 m.m. DUAL-PURPOSE GUN. AFTER ITS BIG SUCCESS AS A TANK KILLER WITH THE AFRIKA KORPS, THE GERMANS WERE FLINGING THEM INTO EVERY TANK BATTLE.

ANOTHER ONE!
LOAD!
PREPARE TO
FIRE! FIRE!

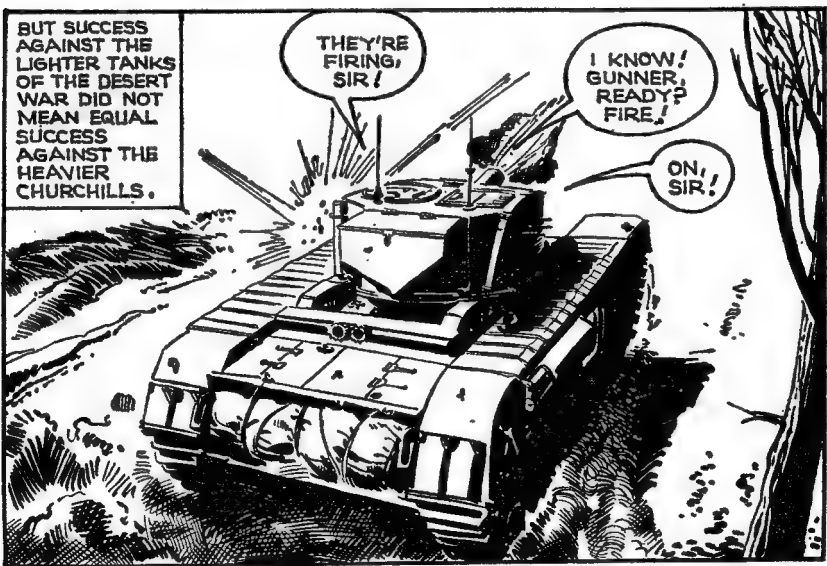


BUT SUCCESS
AGAINST THE
LIGHTER TANKS
OF THE DESERT
WAR DID NOT
MEAN EQUAL
SUCCESS
AGAINST THE
HEAVIER
CHURCHILLS.

THEY'RE
FIRING,
SIR!

I KNOW!
GUNNER,
READY?
FIRE!

ON,
SIR!



THE GREAT PROJECTILE ALMOST LOBBED ON ITS WAY TO THE ENEMY POSITION. OVER FIFTY POUNDS OF H.E. EXPLODED WITH A SHATTERING ROAR.



THE DRAGOONS HAD THE HONOUR OF LEADING THE DRIVE TO JOIN UP WITH THE BELEAGUERED 1ST. AIRBORNE DIVISION IN ARNHEM - AND WADE WAS DETERMINED NOT TO LOSE THAT HONOUR. HE MEANT TO BE FIRST ACROSS THAT BRIDGE!



Chapter 3. The Swinging Hook

YET- IN THE INFERNO THAT WAS ARNHEM, THE RED DEVILS HAD MET DIRE TROUBLE. THE UNEXPECTED TWO S.S. PANZER DIVISIONS HAD HIT BACK HARD. WITH EYES RED FROM LACK OF SLEEP, THE AIRBORNE TROOPS FOUGHT TO HOLD A SHRINKING PERIMETER.



THIRTY MILES
BACK DOWN
THE ROAD,
A WORRIED
GENERAL FOX
PUT THE
HEADSET
DOWN IN HIS
COMMAND
CARAVAN.

NOT SO GOOD, PAUL.
BITTRICH IS THROWING IN
BRIGADE AFTER BRIGADE.
WE'RE NOT GOING FAST
ENOUGH AND IT'S GETTING
CRITICAL AT ARNHEM.



THE STRAIN OF
HIGH COMMAND
IN MOMENTS OF
CRISIS COULD
BE TREMENDOUS.
FOX WAS
WORRIED BUT
CALM.

THE BOYS ARE DOING
THEIR BEST, SIR.
THE DRAGOONS ARE
STILL LEADING AND
FIGHTING WELL,
BUT IT'S NOT
EASY.

THE DRAGOONS? YES, I'M
GOING UP TO VISIT THEM.
BUT, FIRST, COME INSIDE,
I WANT TO TELL YOU OF
THE SUPREME COMMAND
DECISION.



FOX DROVE UP THROUGH THE SHAMBLES OF THE BACK AREAS. TIGERS AND CHURCHILLS LAY LIKE GIANT INJURED MONSTERS BY THE ROADSIDE.




MEANWHILE,
THE HOWITZER
ON WADE'S
CHURCHILL
WAS THUMPING
INTO ACTION
YET AGAIN.

AAAGH!



THE SWEET TASTE OF VICTORY
WAS IN WADE'S MOUTH.

CHALK IT UP!
WHAT'S THAT NOW?
FOUR TIGERS, TWO
BLOCKHOUSES AND
THIS NEST OF
TANK-DESTROYERS.
NOT BAD AT
ALL!



SIR!
WANTED ON THE
REGIMENTAL NET.
THINK IT'S THE
GENERAL.

EVEN OVER THE CRACKLE OF THE ETHER, JEFFERY WADE RECOGNISED THE VOICE OF HIS FATHER'S FORMER FRIEND.



PULL BACK, SIR? BUT I AM — YES, SIR, I UNDERSTAND. AT ONCE. WILCO. OUT.

THE SWEETNESS HAD TURNED SOUR. FOX WAS ON HIS BACK AGAIN, LIKE THE OLD MAN OF THE RIVER.



DRIVER! HALT AND LET BAKER SQUADRON GO PAST. WHEN THEY HAVE US COVERED, PULL BACK. THE GENERAL WANTS TO GIVE ME A MEDAL!

WHEN THE FORWARD SCREEN WAS IN PLACE HE WENT BACK IN OBEDIENCE TO THE GENERAL'S SHARP WIRELESS ORDER.



NOR IS IT CONVENIENT FOR ME TO COME UP FORWARD SO FAR! WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING, FIGHTING LIKE A TROOP LEADER WHEN YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE COMMANDING A REGIMENT?

YOU WANTED ME, SIR? IT IS NOT VERY CONVENIENT —

IT TOOK ALL WADE'S SELF CONTROL TO REMEMBER THAT THIS MAN WAS HIS DIVISIONAL COMMANDER.

AS YOU SAY, SIR!
IT'S JUST THAT I THINK THAT'S THE WAY TO COMMAND. TO LEAD! THAT'S THE DEFINITION OF COMMAND, ISN'T IT?



IT'S ONE DEFINITION!
I AM PULLING OUT THE DRAGOONS FROM THE ARNHEM DRIVE.

PULLING OUT THE DRAGOONS! IT MUST BE A JOKE.

YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT! WE'VE LED ALL THE WAY. WE'RE GOING TO BE FIRST OVER THE BRIDGE, SIR.

I DO MEAN IT! I'VE GOT TO DRAW OFF SOME GERMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAIN THRUST. YOU WILL SWING OUT TO THE NORTH. BE A DECOY, IF YOU LIKE? JUST SO IT DRAWS OFF SOME OF THE GERMAN ARMOUR.



A DECOY! EH! YOU WERE ALWAYS FOND OF TRICKERY, WEREN'T YOU, GENERAL? SACRIFICE THE DRAGOONS - BUT IF THE TRICK WORKS, IT WILL BE JUSTIFIED. THAT'S HOW IT IS, ISN'T IT - GENERAL FOX?



Road To Berlin

NOT BY A FLICKER
OF AN EYELID
DID FOX GIVE A
CLUE TO HIS
FEELINGS.

I'VE BEEN VERY PATIENT, WADE.
NOW LISTEN TO ME! JUST TO THE NORTH
OF ARNHEM ON THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER
IS THE HAMLET OF DORP. I WANT THE
DRAGOONS TO BREAK OUT OF THE GERMAN
GRIP ON THE ROAD AND TAKE A SWINGING
HOOK, AIMING FOR DORP.



TO WADE, THE
IMPLICATION
WAS OBVIOUS.
FOX HAD NO
FAITH IN HIM.

WHY DORP,
SIR? WHY NOT
TIMBUCTOO?

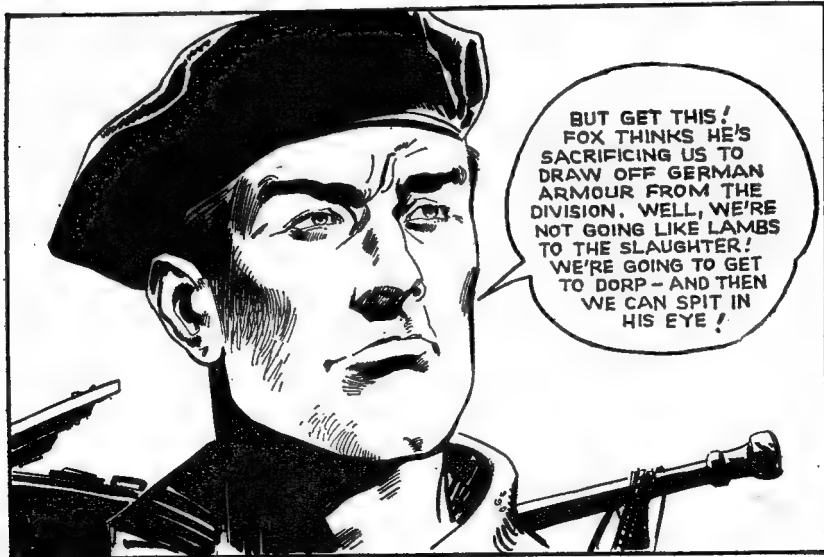
DON'T BE INSOLENT!
YOU MUST HAVE AN
AIMING POINT. I
HOPE BITTRICH
WILL THINK WE'VE
ANOTHER PLAN AND
WILL THROW IN
PLENTY OF
ARMOUR TO
STOP
YOU.





Road To Berlin

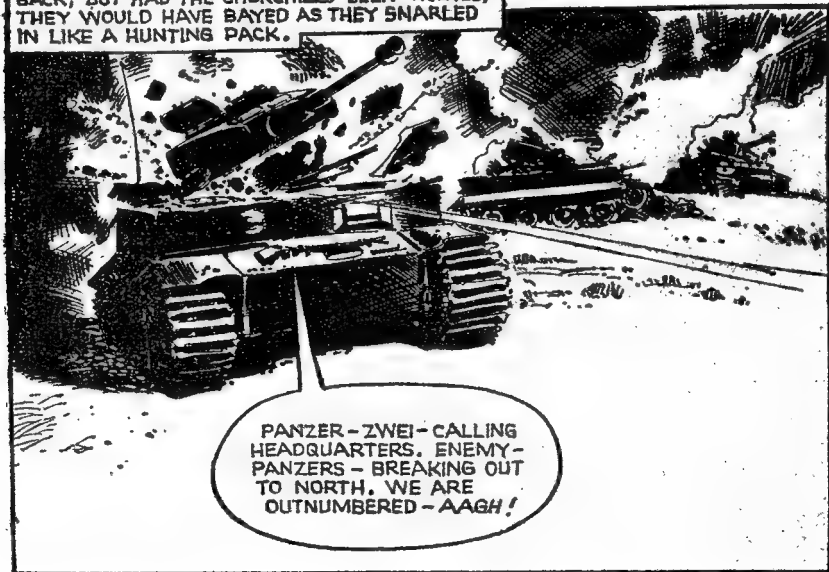
ON THE GENERAL'S ORDERS ANOTHER ARMOUR'D REGIMENT LEAPFROGGED THROUGH TO THE VAN. AT THE R.V., A WHITE-FACED WADE BRIEFED HIS SQUADRON COMMANDERS WHILST HIS MEN WORKED TO PREPARE THE TANKS.



THE FRINGES OF THE REICHSWALD FOREST GAVE THEM THE CHANCE TO SLIP OFF THE ROAD. BUT WHEN THEY BROKE OUT INTO THE OPEN ...



IN THIS FRAGMENT OF THE BATTLE, THE BRITISH HAD TANK SUPERIORITY, WITH A WHOLE REGIMENT'S ARMOUR CONCENTRATED AGAINST A TROOP OF TIGERS. THE GERMANS FOUGHT BACK, BUT HAD THE CHURCHILLS BEEN WOLVES, THEY WOULD HAVE BAYED AS THEY SNARLED IN LIKE A HUNTING PACK.

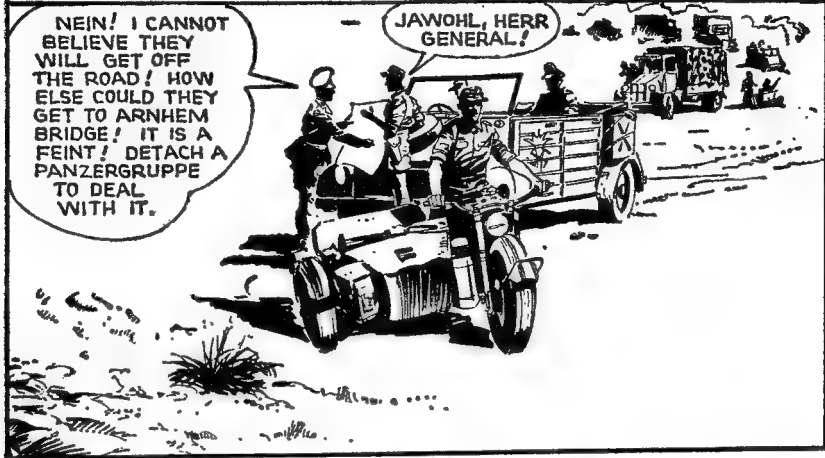


Road To Berlin

THE NEWS FLASHED TO GENERAL WILLI BITTRICH. A COMMAND DECISION WAS NEEDED. IF THIS WAS A GENERAL CHANGE OF THE MAIN BRITISH DRIVE, HE WOULD HAVE TO SWITCH HIS WHOLE STRENGTH.

NEIN! I CANNOT BELIEVE THEY WILL GET OFF THE ROAD! HOW ELSE COULD THEY GET TO ARNHEM BRIDGE! IT IS A FEINT! DETACH A PANZERGRUPPE TO DEAL WITH IT.

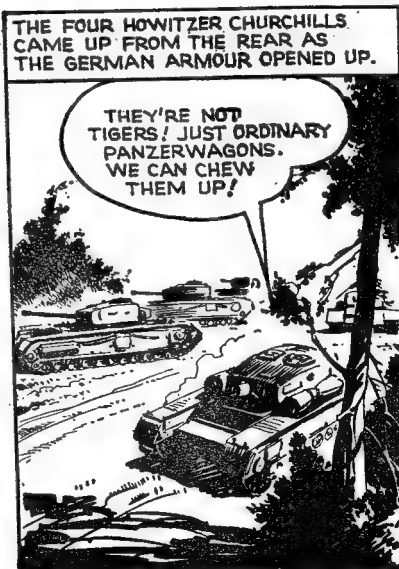
JAWOHL, HERR GENERAL!



ON HIS ORDERS, A PANZERGRUPPE HEADING FOR THE ARNHEM ROAD, MADE A WIDE SWING TO TANGLE WITH THIS INSOLENT BRITISH BREAK-OUT.

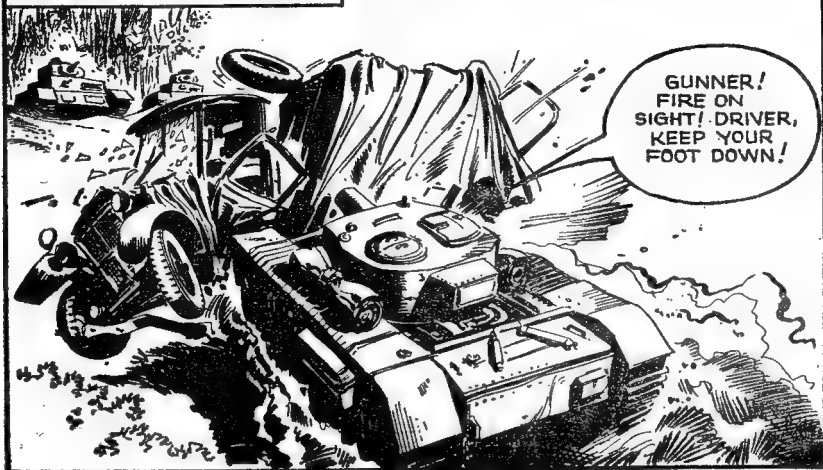
ABLE ONE-CALLING-SUNRAY. ROAD BLOCK AHEAD OF ME WITH ARMOUR BEYOND IT. AM ENGAGING. OUT.





Road To Berlin

AT WATERLOO, AT BALACLAVA, AT OMDURMAN AND IN THE KHYBER, JEFFERY WADE'S ANCESTORS HAD LED CAVALRY CHARGES — BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS ONE.



FOR FIFTEEN TERRIBLE, CHAOTIC MINUTES THEY FOUGHT A CLASSIC TANK BATTLE AT CLOSE RANGE. PANZERWAGONS AND CHURCHILLS STOOD TRACK TO TRACK AND SLUGGED IT OUT.



Chapter 4. *Chance of Glory*

THEN THE DRAGOONS LICKED THEIR WOUNDS, ARRANGED FOR THE BACK LOADING OF THEIR CASUALTIES AND PREPARED TO GO ON THEIR WAY.

YOU TOOK THE HECK OF A CHANCE THEN, JEFFERY!

I MEANT TO! I'LL SHOW THE GENERAL I CAN COMMAND THE HARD WAY!



THE NEWS OF THE BREAK-THROUGH REACHED FOX AS HE SNATCHED A HASTY MEAL. IT APPEARED AS IF HE HAD ALREADY CONSIDERED THE ORDERS HE GAVE.

GOOD! NOW, THIS IS WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO, PAUL, THAT D.U.K.W. SQUADRON WE BROUGHT UP—SEND IT AFTER THEM THROUGH THE GAP. AND GET THE C.R.A. TO PUSH A MEDIUM REGIMENT THROUGH. MY ORDERS TO THE COMMANDER ARE TO FOLLOW UP THE DRAGOONS ALL THE WAY TO DORP. BY GOLLY, I THINK THEY'LL GET THERE, TOO!



Road To Berlin

THE D.U.K.W. SQUADRON WAS ALREADY WELL FORWARD. IT SWUNG OFF THE ARNHEM ROAD INTO THE REICHWALD FOREST, INTO THE WAKE OF THE DRAGOONS.

FOLLOW THE TANKS; THEY SAID! WHAT PERISHIN' TANKS? THEY'RE WAY OUT OF SIGHT!



THE MEDIUM ARTILLERY REGIMENT OF SIX-INCH GUNS HAD TO BE BROUGHT IN FROM THE FLANKS. THEY WERE LATER IN TAKING THE BLAZED TRAIL.

YOU HAVE THE ROUTE? FOLLOW THE DRAGOONS TO DORP AND AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS.

RIGHT, SIR! ANYTHING BACKING US UP?

NO! YOU'RE PART OF A DECOY, IF YOU MUST KNOW!





Road To Berlin

WADE DROVE HIS MEN THROUGH THE NIGHT. THE OPPOSITION WAS SCATTERED NOW. ONCE, AT DAWN, A TYPHOON FLIGHT MISTOOK THEM FOR ENEMY AND CAME ROCKET-SCREAMING IN TO ATTACK...



FORTUNATELY, THE FLIGHT COMMANDER WAS CLUED UP ON HIS TANK IDENTIFICATION. HE TOOK HIS FINGER OFF THE ROCKET BUTTON AS IF IT HAD BURNT HIM.

RED ONE CALLING!
RED ONE CALLING!
THEY'RE OURS!
CHURCHILLS! DO
NOT ATTACK!
I REPEAT, DO
NOT ATTACK!



Road To Berlin

49

THE NEARER THEY GOT TO THE NEDER RHINE, THE STIFFER BECAME THE TASK. BITTRICH, UNWILLING TO REINFORCE WITH ARMOUR AND WEAKEN THE ARNHEM ROAD DEFENCE, PUSHED UP AN 88 m.m. BATTERY.



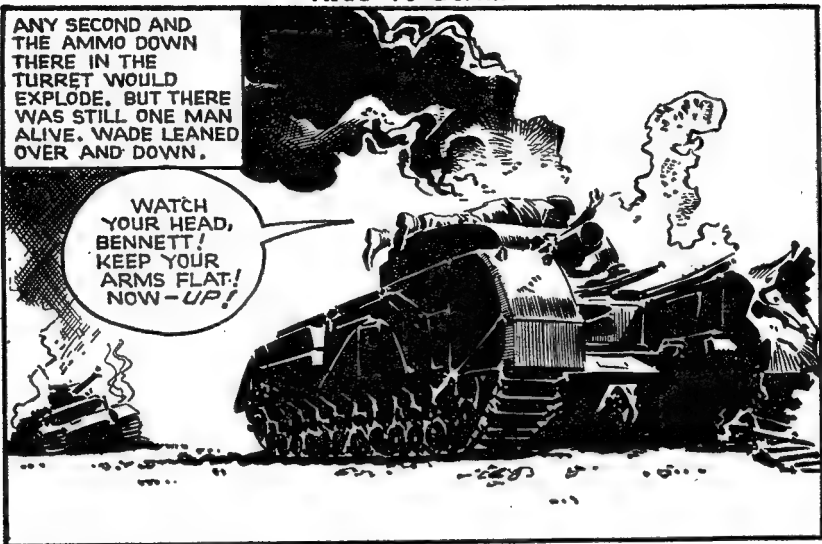
THE ARMOUR-PIERCING SHELLS FOUND THE LEADING TARGET. WADE'S TANK BEGAN TO BREW, GASPING AND CHOKING, HE LIFTED THE TURRET HATCH AND GULPED IN AIR.

HELP!
FOR PETE'S
SAKE, HELP
ME OUT!

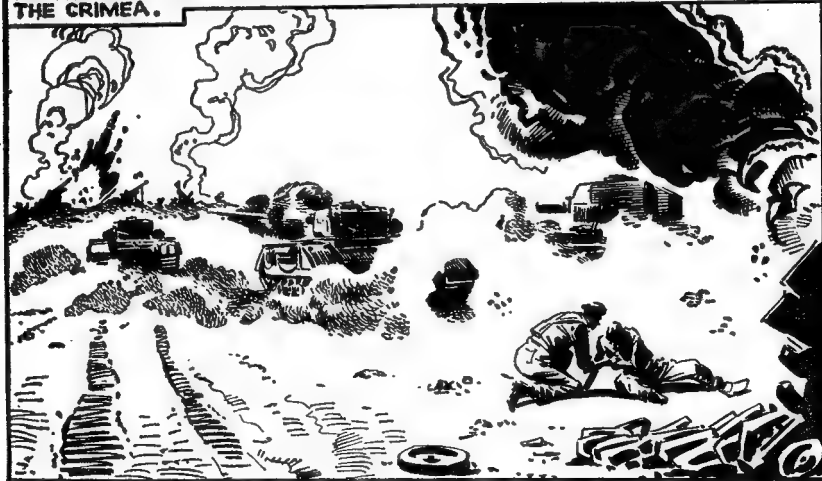


ANY SECOND AND THE AMMO DOWN THERE IN THE TURRET WOULD EXPLODE, BUT THERE WAS STILL ONE MAN ALIVE. WADE LEANED OVER AND DOWN.

WATCH YOUR HEAD, BENNETT! KEEP YOUR ARMS FLAT! NOW - UP!

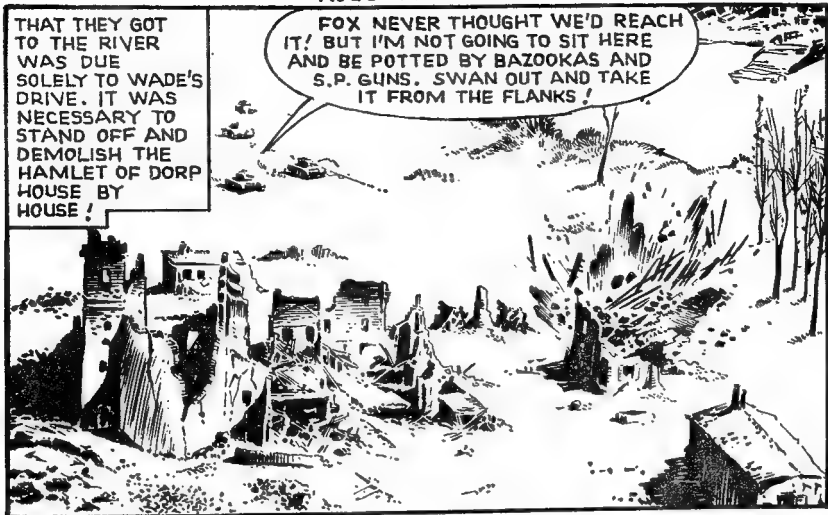


MEANWHILE, THE REMAINDER OF THE SQUADRON'S TANKS, IMPLICITLY OBEYING THEIR COMMANDER'S ORDERS, CHARGED THE GERMAN GUNS AS THE LIGHT BRIGADE HAD CHARGED THE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY IN THE CRIMEA.



THAT THEY GOT TO THE RIVER WAS DUE SOLELY TO WADE'S DRIVE. IT WAS NECESSARY TO STAND OFF AND DEMOLISH THE HAMLET OF DORP HOUSE BY HOUSE !

FOX NEVER THOUGHT WE'D REACH IT! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SIT HERE AND BE POTTED BY BAZOOKAS AND S.P. GUNS. SWAN OUT AND TAKE IT FROM THE FLANKS !



BUT EVEN AS THEY SLOGGED AT THE OPPOSITION, THEY HEARD THE WHINE OF HEAVY SHELLS WINGING OVER THEIR HEADS AND FALLING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ARNHEM ACROSS THE RIVER. BEHIND THEM, THE MEDIUM REGIMENT HAD RECEIVED NEW ORDERS.

BATTERY
GUNFIRE!
FIRE !



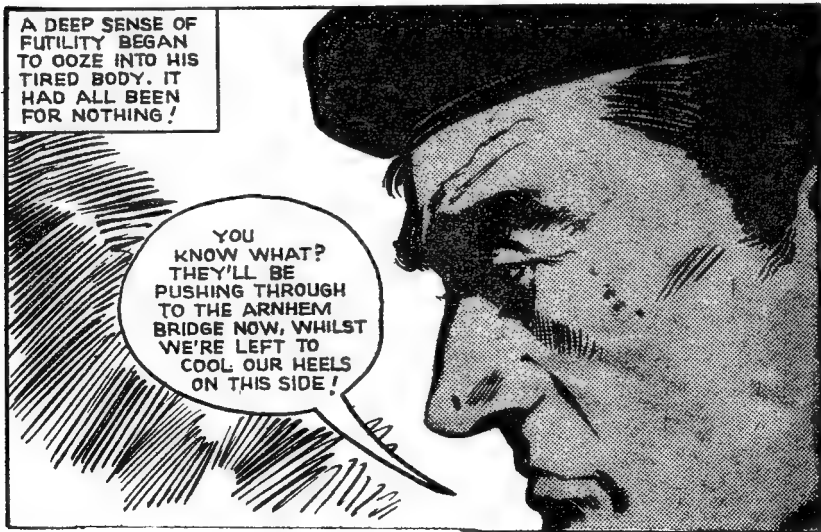
AFTER THE DEMOLITION OF DORP, WADE RESTED. THE SIX-INCH SHELLS STILL OVERSHOT THEM, CARPETING THE AREA ON THE NORTH OF THE RIVER. IT MEANT NOTHING TO HIM.

SLATER, TELL THE MEN TO TAKE FIVE AND BREW-UP. WE'VE DONE OUR JOB AS THE DECOY DUCK - BUT I DON'T THINK IT WORKED. WE CAN'T HAVE DRAWN OFF MUCH BOCHE ARMOUR FROM THE MAIN THRUST.



A DEEP SENSE OF FUTILITY BEGAN TO OOOZE INTO HIS TIRED BODY. IT HAD ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING!

YOU KNOW WHAT? THEY'LL BE PUSHING THROUGH TO THE ARNHEM BRIDGE NOW, WHILST WE'RE LEFT TO COOL OUR HEELS ON THIS SIDE!



DUSK CAME AND STILL THEY HAD RECEIVED NO ORDERS. WADE STARED AT THE NEDER RHINE. TO COME SO FAR—AND THEN BE HELD BACK!

JEFFERY! THAT'S THE GENERAL'S COMMAND VEHICLE! THE OLD MAN HIMSELF HAS COME TO DEKKO THE RIVER!



WADE DID NOT STOP TO THINK WHAT COULD HAVE BROUGHT THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER TO THIS EXPOSED POSITION. HE DID NOT EVEN THINK OF HIM AS A GENERAL—ONLY AS A MAN WHO HAD TWICE HELD HIM BACK.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF FOX! I'LL DARNED WELL SEE THAT HE KNOWS IT, TOO!



HE HAD FORGOTTEN DISCIPLINE,
EVERYTHING!

WE GOT HERE, YOU
SEE! NOW WHAT?
SIT ON OUR HAUNCHES AND
BAY TO THE MOON WHILE
THE DIVISION ROMPS OVER
THE BRIDGE? I TELL YOU,
FOX, IF I COULD RESIGN IN
WAR, I'D FLING MY
PAPERS INTO YOUR FACE
RIGHT NOW!



IN ONE BRIEF FLASH OF MEMORY,
FOX REMEMBERED THAT CHAOTIC
DAY ON MANOEUVRES, WHEN
WADE HAD LOST CONTROL OF
HIMSELF.

NOW HOLD YOUR
HORSES, JEFFERY—
AND LISTEN!



NO-ONE
IS ROMPING OVER
THE BRIDGE, WORSE
LUCK! YOU'VE DONE WHAT
I HOPED YOU WOULD DO —
GAINED A BRIDGEHEAD ON
THE SOUTH BANK OF THE
RIVER! LOOK! THE D.U.K.W.s.
ARE COMING UP AND AN
R.E. BOAT COMPANY. THE
MEDIUMS HAVE BEEN
CLEARING THE NORTH. FOR
TONIGHT, THE RED DEVILS
ARE PULLING OUT
OF ARNHEM!



WITH THE GROUND CUT FROM BENEATH HIS FEET, WADE DID NOT ARGUE. INSTEAD HE GOT THE REMAINS OF HIS REGIMENT ON THE TASK OF HELPING THE MEDIUM ARTILLERY TO SOFTEN UP THE NORTHERN BANK.

SQUADRON
GUNFIRE!
LOAD H.E. AND
FIRE!



THAT NIGHT, ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE AIRBORNE DIVISION HEADED FOR THE RELIEF ROUTE ACROSS THE RHINE...

STEADY, BOYS!
KEEP TO THE TAPES! THE
TAPES WILL LEAD YOU!

WHAT *DID* HAPPEN
TO THAT CORPS
WHICH WAS GETTING
HERE IN A COUPLE
OF DAYS?

WHO CARES NOW?
SOME OF 'EM MUST
HAVE REACHED
THE RIVER, THOUGH!



THAT NIGHT, OVER TWO THOUSAND OF THEM GOT BACK ACROSS THE RHINE. TWO THOUSAND OUT OF THE 8,900 OFFICERS AND MEN WHO HAD DROPPED ON ARNHEM.

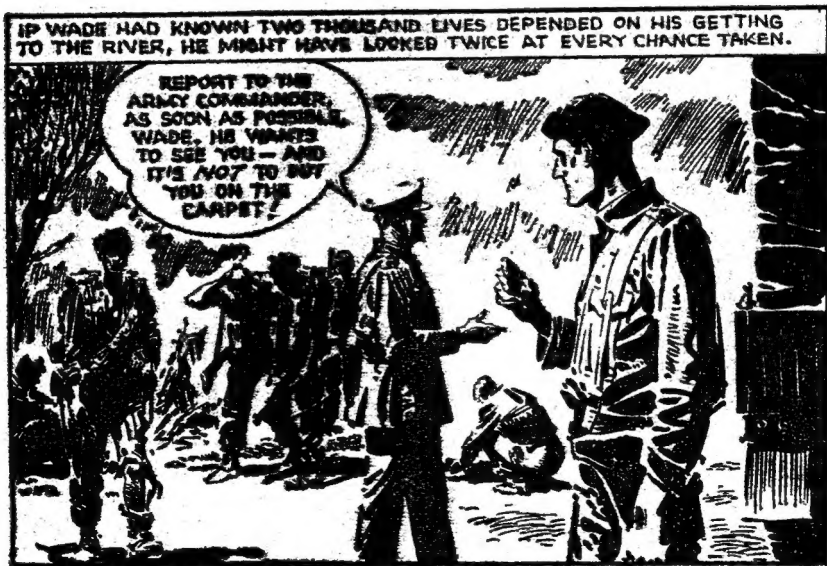
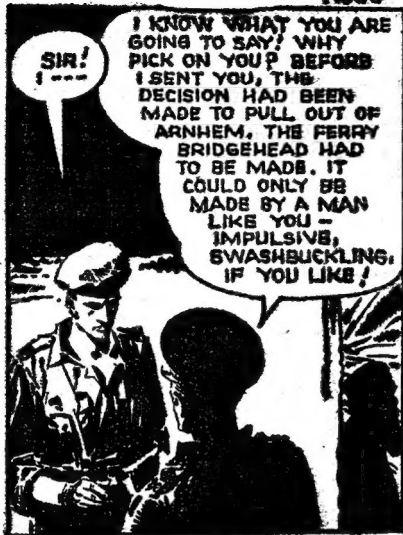
THIS WAY, CHAPS!
CARRY STRAIGHT ON
PAST THE CHURCHILLS.
THE TRUCKS ARE
WAITING FOR YOU.

YET SOMEHOW, FOR WADE, IT ALL SEEMED WORTHWHILE. IF HIS REGIMENT HAD NOT REACHED THE RIVER - WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THESE MEN?

THANKS, MATE!
I'M ABOUT ALL IN
AND THAT'S FOR
SURE! ME FOR
A WEEK OF
SHUTEYE!

WADE
- HAND HIM
OVER TO SOMEONE
ELSE. I WANT
TO TALK TO
YOU.

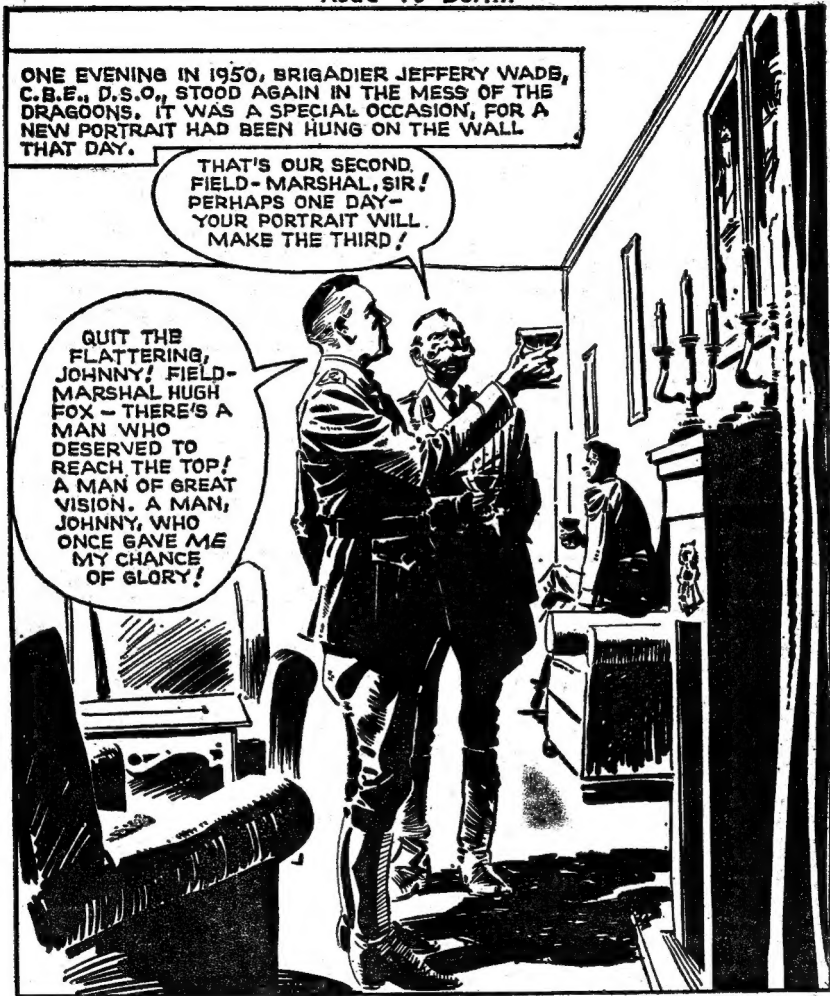




ONE EVENING IN 1950, BRIGADIER JEFFERY WADE, C.B.E., D.S.O., STOOD AGAIN IN THE MESS OF THE DRAGOONS. IT WAS A SPECIAL OCCASION, FOR A NEW PORTRAIT HAD BEEN HUNG ON THE WALL THAT DAY.

THAT'S OUR SECOND, FIELD-MARSHAL, SIR! PERHAPS ONE DAY—YOUR PORTRAIT WILL MAKE THE THIRD!

QUIT THE FLATTERING, JOHNNY! FIELD-MARSHAL HUGH FOX—THERE'S A MAN WHO DESERVED TO REACH THE TOP! A MAN OF GREAT VISION. A MAN, JOHNNY, WHO ONCE GAVE ME MY CHANCE OF GLORY!



Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Second, class postage paid at New York Post Office, New York. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd. South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons Ltd. WAS PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

2/12/63



DUEL ABOVE THE FROZEN FJORDS!

That's only one of the
big thrills in a full-
coloured picture-story
starring ace fighter-
pilot PADDY PAYNE
in

LION ANNUAL 1964

In this fine book you can meet all your favourite story characters from "LION" Weekly, including Captain Condor, Karl the Viking, Sandy Dean, Robot Archie Bruce Kent and Rory MacDuff. It is also packed with exciting written stories as well as interesting features.

GET IT TODAY!

Price 8/6



GIANT STAMP COLLECTION



Fabulous bargain offer includes many superb sets of unusual stamps: **TOGO** Stamp Centenary set of 3 (Show rare old German Colonial stamps!) **MONGOLIA** Stupendous Rocket set of 2. **RUSSIA** scarce 1944 Allied Flags (Value 3/-). **ALBANIA** old imperforate set of 3. **GT. BRITAIN** 1936 Edward VIII set of 3; 1937 Coronation. **CHILE** mint airmail set of 3. **UPPER VOLTA**—diamond shape. **CAMEROONS** Telstar. Dozens of other fascinating stamps from all over the world. Grand total of 120 all different (worth 8/6 plus) all yours for only 1 1/4 to introduce our bargain approvals. (Approvals are the most interesting and economical way to build a collection. Selections of stamps are sent to you for 10 days free inspection. Buy what you want, return the rest.)

SEND COUPON WITH 1 - TODAY. OR WRITE ASKING FOR LOT P. 28.

BROADWAY APPROVALS

50, DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E. 5.

I ENCLOSE 1/-, RUSH ME 120 different stamps. Send a selection of Bargain Approvals for free examination.

NAME

ADDRESS

Lot No. P. 28